

Good Evening!

By BIDE DUDLEY

A man once died and went below.
Unto his Imps of Sin
The Devil said: "Stir up the blaze,
And bring the victim in."
The Imps obeyed and Satan said,
"You're doomed to get our worst,
But tell us of your life on earth,
We'd like to hear that first."
The victim spoke—he faltered not—
"Please don't delay," he said,
"My children were a jazzy bunch:
I'm hardened; go ahead."
A lump came in the Devil's throat,
Said he: "That's pretty tough.
Here, Imps of Sin, the whole show's off,
This man has had enough."

OBSERVATIONS.

They say Al Jennings, ex-bandit, is to be in a show. Probably a gun play!
Mr. Harding picked the Yanks to win. There you are, Democrats—make the best of it.
A society to exterminate cats has been started. Well, the gossips have nobody but themselves to blame.
The Giants proved to be a well-oiled machine, the Yanks a collection of flashy experts not well knit together. 'Twas ever thus. The steady-going fellow will take the measure of the flash in the long run every time.

Pity the Experts.

I'm not a baseball expert,
They must be feeling faint.
I'm not a baseball expert,
And gosh, I'm glad I ain't.

MAMIE AND THE MUDHOLE

(While Douglas was shooting that arrow last week Mary was in the blue room reading this fascinating tale of the town Whistler's love.)
Street Commissioner Doggie was driving along Orlo Avenue as Jepp Coogan, ice-cream cone in hand, was struggling from the mudhole. Doggie stopped his car in an austere manner.
"Well, Jepp, what's up?" he asked.
Mamie McTwiggie was surprised. Why should this man, whose negligence was responsible for the mudhole, be asking her friend what was up? It certainly did seem tough.
"I don't think I'd answer that question, Jepp," said she.
There was mud in the whistler's eyes, but love prompted him and he scowled at Doggie.
"You're to blame, Doggie," he snapped.
A deep silence followed. It was broken by the sobs of the girl. She was distressed about the appearance of Coogan. She

POEMS OF PREFERENCE

King Beppo of the Bronx wants the cream colored tadpole offered as the prize in this contest. The King wishes to acquire a Queen as well as the other prize and this is how he goes about it:
The girl I need must not be sad,
And lots of dough she must of had.
She need not darn my son one bit,
But get it done and pay for it.
I must have no financial strain
Or worries that will bring me pain.
I do not mind if she is fat.
Oh, where you at girl—where you at?

had hoped to have him at the weekly crap game of the Young Women's Social Club that night, but his mud would preclude.
At that point an utter stranger came upon the scene. He had a black suitcase and was deep in thought.
"Pardon," he said, "but where does the McTwiggie family live?"
Commissioner Doggie eyed him closely.
"I am Prince Soaki, a Russian, now living in Kansas City, Kan."

Coogan was disturbed. Here he was, covered with mud, and a Prince was trying to get into the McTwiggie home. Could it be he wanted to marry Mamie?
"Oh, you go slap a toad!" snapped Coogan.
The stranger frowned and opened his suitcase. Doggie was worried.
Mamie smiled, for she loved royalty.
Mystery was in the air.
(To be continued.)

OUR OWN BOOK REVIEWS.

We have just finished perusing that most delightful romantic story, "The Royal Bootlegger" (Boothellheimer Press), and we class it as the best novel Swarth Mustybug has written so far. Every line is so human and the tear and the smile are intermingled perfectly lovely. Of course Floosh, the American, is not a character that could carry much weight, as he is secondary to the Peppermint Princess, who is very cute. The book is just the sort of story the Boothellheimers seek far and wide for, and if W. H. Anderson can be induced to give it his undivided indorsement—and he should, since the bootlegger is a product of Prohibition—it will undoubtedly be as popular as "Taxicab Tessie." Mustybug can write. In fact, we consider him one of our leading fictionists when sober. In "The Royal Bootlegger" he has a story that equals his "Pansy Parker's Peanut," which was a cracking good yarn.

AND NOW PERMIT US

To suggest that he who criticizes the manners of a friend to that friend is mannerless.

About Plays and Players

DAVID BELASCO will present David Warfield in "The Merchant of Venice" at the Lyceum Theatre on Dec. 21. The supporting cast will include Philip Merivale as Bassanio, A. E. Anson as Duke of Venice, Ian MacLaren as Antonio, Walter Percival as Gratiano, Herbert Grimwood as Prince of Morocco, Albert Bruning as Tubal, Horace Abraham as Lorenzo, Reginald Goode as Solanio, Herbert Ranson as Salario, Fuller Mellich as Old Gobbo, Charles Harbury as Balthazar, P. Vivian as Launcelot Gobbo, Morris Strausberg as Chus, Edward H. Weaver as Stephano, Edward Crandall as Leonardo, Ward De Wolfe as Jester, Nick Long as Clerk of the Court, H. Brown as a Dutch Merchant, Mary Sorynos as Portia, Mary Ellis as Nerissa and Julia Adler as Jessica. Rehearsals have begun under the personal supervision of Mr. Belasco.

MAIL SENATOR EM!

Emily Wakeman Hartley, Manager of the Stamford Theatre, Stamford, has gone in for politics. She has been nominated for State Senator on the Democratic ticket. We know Mrs. Hartley rather well, and if she puts as much energy into her race for election as she uses in managing her theatre, you might as well begin calling her Senator Em right now. It was her work for the Woodrow Wilson memorial that put the project over in Stamford, and they said she couldn't do it.

TO REBUILD THE STAGE.

The Belwyns will send Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr, in

BARRY'S LITTLE JOKE.

"Why is it," somebody asked of Barry Macollum, "that the wealthy have so much liquor?"
"There's always rum at the top," Barry replied.

TO NAME THE BOXES.

R. J. Burnside announces that all letter and number designations on the orchestra and balcony boxes at the Hippodrome will be replaced with the names of people who have made Hippodrome history. Among those for whom boxes will be named are the late Fred Thompson, who, with Skip Dundy, built the big playhouse; John Philip Sousa, Orville Harrold, Anna Pavlova and Annette Kellerman.

THAT COP WAS WRONG.

Bessie Barriacale was driving her car at a rapid rate near New York recently when a motorcycle cop stopped her.
"You are driving your car forty miles an hour," he said.
"Fidelious!" came from Bessie.
"I've been driving only half an hour." It tickled the bluecoat and he let her go.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Meyer—No.
Silver—Do not know the song. Why not ask Terry?

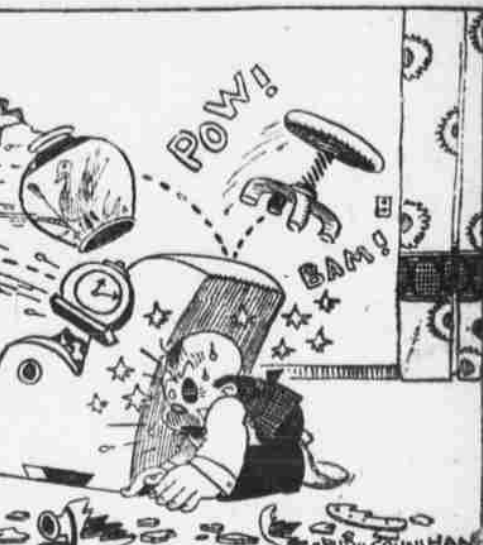
Gossip.

Ballet's "Chauve Souris" presents

JOE'S CAR



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



LITTLE MARY MIXUP



FRITZI RITZ



KATINKA



a new bill to-morrow night.
Elsie Ferguson will begin rehearsals in "The Wheel of Life" on Oct. 16.
Charles Ruggie is to have a role in "A Clean Town," now in rehearsal.

under Richard G. Herndon's management.
Sam H. Harris will produce the new play "Rain" at the Garrick Theatre, Philadelphia, to-night.
Peggy O'Neil has sailed for London,

taking along several plays, one of which she will be seen in over there.
The Minnys will continue the Thursday night midnight shows at the Park, using it to try out new sketches.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.
Mike Doblin, who had his long beard cut off recently, is making it up into hair neckties which he sells at a half a dollar. —Wellsville Optic.

FOOLISHMENT.
There was a young lady named Luce,
Who took on a load of the juke.
While playing at poker
They wanted to choke her,
Because she was raising the deuce.

PUT IT IN THE ACT.
Farmer (At midnight)—Who's that chicken coop?
Voice (From within)—Dey ain't one in here, boss, 'ceptin' us chicks.
—B. D.

Besides—Trout Are Out of Season!

A Catty Remark for a Man!

From Bad to Worse!

Doing It De Luxe!

She's Been Stung Before!